





### Nettlewig Hall.

*Ramble.* "No male visitors admitted!" Some whim of the old gentleman; or, perhaps, a delicate hint to poachers.

*Act I. Scene 2.*

# NETTLEWIG HALL;

OR, TEN TO ONE:

A MUSICAL FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY C. M. WESTMACOTT, ESQ.

THE MUSIC BY ALEXANDER LEE.

---

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre.

---

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,  
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.



822  
W527n

## REMARKS.

---

### Nettlewig Hall.

MR. WESTMACOTT is an admirable Critchton: actor, scene-painter, property-man, editor, aristarch, and dramatist! In the three first characters we know nothing of his performances; but we know him as the editor of a funny and wickedly-mischievous Sunday journal, and as the author of Nettlewig Hall. He is a little round man, with a dumpling figure and physiognomy; smart and lively as his farce, and the Jehu of a Tim-Whiskey.

It is remarked by somebody—we forget who—that whenever two *augurs* meet face to face, they must be ready to crack their sides with laughing, knowing themselves (doubtless!) for a pair of mysterious mummers. And when a couple of *critics* meet (and Mr. Westmacott is one of the craft), what shall *they* do? Egad! let them follow the fashion, and crack their sides too!

A testy old bachelor, putting everybody in a fidget and fluster; an impudent Jack-in-office, intriguing for master and man; a gay young fortune-hunter, in full chase after a rich young heiress; and a rich young heiress, willing to be chased by a gay young fortune-hunter; a brazen Paddy-whack, roaring “St. Patrick, and blood an’ ouns!” and a fresh-water Jack tar, spinning a long yarn about broad-sides and jury-masts;—these, with a sprinkling of subordinate characters more or less comical; a stave or two for a popular warbler, whose name is up with the music-sellers; and a reasonable dash of jokes, verbal and practical, are ample ingredients for a farce. Then, if Farren play the angry old fidget, Harley the pragmatical intriguer, and Mesdames Vestris or Waylett chant the ditty,—unless

the lesser parts be so abominably cast, as to prove a shower-bath on good humour, a critic, to be displeased, must have a face as long as to-day and to-morrow, and as much dullness as would make a court of aldermen, set up three mayors, and leave something for the common-councilmen and sheriffs.

Sir Julius Nettlewig, having the guardianship of a beautiful young ward bequeathed to him, with the express condition that she shall hold no commerce with *mankind* until she has attained her majority, clears his house of all the males, whom he domiciles in a row of cottages outside his garden gates. Coachman and footman, of forty years' sitting and standing ; Mr. Patrick O'Doherty, from the green isle of the ocean, grown gray in service,—all must turn out ; and a melancholy procession they make, leading the van, and accompanied to the barriers by the blubbering and broken-hearted old ladies of the household. But the wise precautions of Sir Julius are rendered nugatory by the arrival of his nephew, Ramble, a young Oxonian, and Tim Transit, his valet and college scout. “No *male* visitors admitted !” chalked in forbidding characters, stares Ramble in the face ; and the knight, after explaining his motive for so anti-social a regulation, promises to meet the young scion of Brazen-nose outside the gates after sunset. A contrivance similar to that which occurs in “Love Laughs at Locksmiths” follows. The imprisoned fair one proves to be the young lady with whom Ramble danced and became enamoured at Oxford ; she recognises him from her window, lowers a billet-doux by a silken cord, to which Ramble writes a prompt reply, and despatches it by the same line of conveyance. Another trick is played on Sir Julius : Tim Transit, disguised in female attire, is introduced as candidate for the cook’s place, and is appointed to sleep with old Deborah, the housekeeper. This incident places Mr. Harley and Mrs. C. Jones in queer juxtaposition ; and those amusing comedians did not lose sight of it. Tim, once in the house, hastens to put his plans in execution. He draws the charge from the knight’s pistols,

leaves the garden-gate open, and places a wooden effigy in the bed of Mistress Deborah, which so terribly scares the old vestal, that, finding it not to be of flesh or blood, she alarms the house, and draws Sir Julius from his snuggerie, to which he only again retires to be made a fresh dupe: for Tim, with Patrick O'Doherty, having provided themselves with a couple of huge turnips, hollowed out, and cut to resemble eyes, nose, and mouth, with a lighted candle in the centre, mounted on mopsticks, and borne by the two worthies, shrouded in white sheets, stalk into the startled presence of Sir Julius, and sing a doleful chant, descriptive of their nature and calling. Timothy's top-boots discover the trick; the hobgoblins are instantly laid; and a fresh hoax is practised upon the knight. Tim, having trumped up a tale that Ramble, driven to despair by his uncle's unkindness, had blown his few brains out of his head, introduces an undertaker in deep mourning to bury the body. This hastens the crisis: the miserable old man sinks into despondency; orders all the doors to be unlocked, the women to be let out, and free ingress and egress allowed to all. As usual, age finds itself foiled and made a fool of; the hoax transpires; the young couple are married; and the farce concludes.



D.—G.

## Cast of the Characters,

*As originally sustained at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

Sir John Julius Nettlewig (*a testy old Baronet*)....Mr. Farren.

Frederick Ramble (*his Nephew and Heir, a young Oxonian*).....Mr. F. Vining.

Tim Transit (*Servant to Ramble*).....Mr. Harley.

Patrick Finesse O'Doherty (*Servant to Emily*).....Mr. H. Wallack

Ben Backstay (*an old Sailor*).....Mr. Bedford.

*Undertaker, Coachman, Footman, Gardener, two Grooms, &c.*

Miss Emily Constant (*Ward to Sir John*) .....Mrs. Waylett.

Maria (*her Maid*) .....Mrs. Orger.

Mrs. Deborah (*Housekeeper to Sir John*) .....Mrs. C. Jones.

Old Nancy (*Wife to Ben Backstay, and former Nurse to Ramble*).....Mrs. Broad.

*Cook, Housemaid, two Chambermaids, &c.*

---

## COSTUME.

SIR JOHN.—Rich old-fashioned brown silk suit; diamond knee-buckles—shoes, &c.

FREDERICK.—Blue coat; fancy waistcoat; white trowsers.

TIM.—Smart modern livery.

PATRICK.—Cloth jacket; red waistcoat; corduroy breeches, &c.

BEN.—Sailor's jacket and trowsers.

EMILY.—White muslin dress.

MARIA.—Smart leno gown, fancy pattern; apron; cap, &c.

DEBORAH.—Old-fashioned cotton gown; stuff petticoat; white apron; cap, &c.

NANCY.—Stuff gown; red petticoat; check apron; cap, &c.

# NETTLEWIG HALL.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the house of Sir John Julius Nettlewig. An Old English Baronial Hall.—Time, morning.*

Enter SIR JOHN, followed by OLD DEBORAH, speaking off.

Sir J. I know it. I know I am a bad master and an ill-tempered old man, and the best proof of it is—that I have put up with that perpetual motion of yours these three and thirty years.

Deb. Why—why—Sir John! [expostulating.] What, old Thomas the coachman and William the butler, that have been in your service these twenty years, and the old gardener too, I suppose, that has grown crooked in your employ—all must turn out!

Sir J. Crooked or straight, out they must go; you do as I bid you; pay them their wages, lock up the gates, and bring me the keys—faith there's no knowing what a buxom young girl may fall in love with, when there's a scarcity of man-flesh.

Deb. And, Sir John, [ironically.] shall I give orders to have Old Towser hung, the tom-cat drowned, and the game cock's neck broke? and then there will not be a male animal beside yourself in the family.

Sir J. I'll break your neck, I will, if you don't do as I tell you.

Deb. You certainly cannot be in earnest, Sir John; what, discharge all my old friends and fellow servants, in whose sweet society I have passed these twenty years!

Sir J. [passionately.] Sweet society, indeed! Go along, you antiquated lump of loose ideas.

Deb. You do me wrong, Sir John. My modesty and prudence have stood the test in your family these three and thirty years. No, Sir John—no, I won't go! you may discharge the men servants yourself, and then all the women will go of their own accord.

Sir J. Then I shall escape being talked to death.

Deb. Ay, Sir John, and when you've got a fit of the gout, no Coachee or William, to lift you in or out of bed, and wheel you about from room to room—nor Old Deborah either to flannel you up like a new born babe—

Sir J. Curse the gout! you loquacious old woman,

you keep up such a din in my ears, that I could almost wish the gout in my stomach to be released from you. Deborah, you are a d—d chronological table of misfortunes; where every accident that has occurred in my family, for the last thirty years, is faithfully recorded and repeated on every occasion, to give me pleasure, I suppose.

*Deb.* You must be mad, Sir John; we shall have a lunatic commission out against you—to turn out in the winter of their days your honest old servants, whose grey hairs are the best claims on your liberality!—

*Sir J. [passionately.]* What's that to you, Deb? What's that to you, you old—old, terrible old woman? There's the new row of cottages outside of the garden-gate that I have just built, let them live there. I'll allow them all board-wages; but I tell you, I will not have a man servant in my house. My old friend the general's last request is, that his daughter, now my ward, may be prevented from forming any attachment for the male sex before she is twenty-one, and I respect the last request of a worthy friend too much, to fail of carrying it into effect.

*Deb.* I'll go, Sir John, and execute your orders, and a dismal office it is. In five and thirty years, Sir John, I have often been employed by you to repair the breaches your testy disposition has made with your tenantry and servants; but this is the first time, Sir John, in five and thirty years, that I ever knew you direct any one to violate the laws of humanity, or outrage the proverbial hospitality of Nettlewig Hall. [Exit, L.]

*Sir J. [solus.]* This is an awkward charge that my old friend the general has left me—at my time of life to undertake the management of a girl of eighteen! I never had but one woman in my life under my care, poor Lady Nettlewig; heaven knows I could not manage her, and when it pleased death to remove her, he conferred so great an obligation, that I was determined I would never put his friendship to the test again. There's my runagate nephew too, I expect him home every day; he must not come here.

*Enter FINESSE, R.— singing, covered with bundles, portmanteaus, boxes, &c., strung together before and behind. He throws them down, not observing Sir John, who has retired to the back of the stage.*

*Fin.* There, by St. Patrick, now if that isn't a load for a Tadcaster jaunting-car. It's not the first time that

this good-looking frame of mine [*brushing himself down.*] has been turned into an outside conveyance for luggage.

*Sir J.* [advancing and slapping him on the back.] What brought you here, my friend? and who sent you up stairs with that load of luggage, and—

*Fin.* [interrupting him.] One question at a time if you please, your honour; that's the mode of conversation in Ireland. Now as to who do I want—I want one Mr. John Judy Nettlewig, *barrow-knight* and *executioner* to the late General Constant of Ballynarig; and then as to who sent me up stairs, och! sure I'd a gentleman's *lave* for that, one Mr. Patrick Finesse at your *sarvice*.

*Sir J.* But how dare you, sirrah, bring that load of baggage up stairs, and turn my best drawing-room into a waggon-office?

*Fin.* Och, then sure, I took my own *lave* to put my baggage in a snug apartment here by itself on the first floor, to prevent its being enlisted, your honour, or travelling off in company with the enemy.

*Sir J.* [angrily.] I am Sir John Nettlewig, sirrah, and now pray who are you?

*Fin.* Who am I to be sure! I thought your honour would have known that by my uniform, but this letter will inform your honour. [*Sir John reads the letter.*] *[aside.]* These English are all so dull, that a man ought to wear his name and profession on a brass plate in front of his hat, like a Munster chimney-sweep, to make them understand.

*Sir J.* You are my old friend's servant, I understand.

*Fin.* I had the honour of being first equerry, valet and orderly to the late General Constant,—*[aside.]* lave me alone for making the most of myself.

*Sir J.* Tush, tush, fellow—where is your young lady, Miss Emily Constant?

*Fin.* I left her below with her valet, her waiting maid, I *mane*, and here the sweet creature comes. *[aside.]* “Tush, tush, fellow!” by the powers I wish I had him at Ballynarig, I'd give him nothing but sour buttermilk till he mended his manners.

*Enter* MISS EMILY CONSTANT *and her maid MARIA, L.*  
*as from a journey.*

*Sir J.* [advancing and taking the hand of Emily.] Miss Emily Constant, you are welcome to Nettlewig Hall. I am very glad to see you: my friendship for your father will make you as dear to me, as if you were my own child.

*Emi.* Sir, you are very kind, and I hope to prove myself worthy of your consideration. Patrick, remove this luggage to my chamber.

*Sir J.* [calling off the stage.] Deborah!—Deborah!

Enter DEBORAH, L.

Deborah, shew Miss Constant's servant, Patrick, the way to her apartment; and Deb, [aside.] then, Deb, shew him the way to the door.

[Sir John leads Miss Constant up the stage.]

*Deb.* Very well, Sir John. [Deborah prepares to assist Patrick with the boxes.] Why, Mr. Patrick, you must be a perfect *Colossus* to carry all this load.

*Fin.* Sure, that's what all the beautiful creatures tell me, my jewel. My grandfather was Brian O'Doherty, the Irish Giant; he was called the *bold-hearted*. My father was called by the ladies the *soft-hearted*, and I am called the *tender-hearted*; and there you have our whole genealogy, my jewel. [chucking Deb under the chin.] There's a touch of the *blarney* for the ould housekeeper.

[aside.]

*Deb.* Bless me! these boxes are very heavy.

*Fin.* Don't be after straining your beautiful back, my jewel; go down stairs, and send up one of those bog-trotters I saw when I came in, to assist me.

*Deb.* That's impossible; they are all gone. [sighs.] there is not a male left in the house, but my master, and yourself, [sighs again.] and he has just given me orders to turn you out. [weeps.]

*Fin.* Has he so? [throwing the luggage down.] then let the next *male* that comes this day, take up the luggage. Patrick Finesse, gentleman to the late General Constant, of Ballynarig, don't choose to become baggage-mule to an old barrow-knight, and get nothing but the bag for his pains.

*Sir J.* [advancing.] What's the matter with this fellow?

*Fin.* The matter? The *ould* woman here, who has more honesty than beauty, and more feeling than her master, has let the cat out of the bag. Turn me out of the house, indeed!—is that your respect for my *ould* master's gentleman, and my young lady's protector? Is it for this, Mr. Patrick Finesse, you came to the land of beef?—the devil a scrap of luggage will I move, Mr. Judy Nettlewig—*lave* your house indeed, och!

*Emi.* What can all this mean? Patrick retire with Maria. [Exeunt Patrick and Maria, R.—] This poor fel-

low, Sir John, has been a faithful servant to my father, and attended him through all his campaigns up to the very moment of his decease ; nor must his assiduities to me since my parent's death, be forgotten—I hope, Sir John, there can be no objection to my retaining him in my service, with my maid Maria ?

*Sir J.* My dear Miss Constant, for your maid Maria (provided she conducts herself discreetly), I can have no objection. But your father's will lays a particular injunction on me—to prevent your having any intercourse with the opposite sex, (excepting only his executor,) until you have attained the age of twenty-one. In compliance with his wish, I have therefore discharged all my male domestics, and am determined by every means in my power, to fulfil his intentions.

*Emi.* My father, Sir John, was ever too indulgent to think of debarring me from society. You must have mistaken the nature of his request ; besides, sir, [with indignation.] to suspect me of forming an attachment with menials !

*Sir J.* There is an old proverb, young lady—"safe bind, safe find." I do not suspect you of any such impropriety, but it is my duty rigidly to fulfil your father's wishes. The will expressly says, until you have attained the age of twenty-one ; besides, there is nothing like caution with young ladies at your age.

*Emi.* Indeed, Sir John ! [with increased indignation.] my father never meant I should be shut up in a monastery for three years ; besides, sir, a considerable period has now elapsed since his decease, and during that time I have mixed in various circles, both in Ireland, and during my short stay in Oxford with my aunt, on my way to London. Are you quite certain, Sir John, that I may not already have formed some attachment, and thereby have frustrated this intention of yours, without your being blameable in the affair ?

*Sir J.* If you have, it must be my endeavour to prevent its proceeding further—here are extensive gardens—a good library, and a variety of new music I have had from London on purpose for you, nor is there any thing, in reason, that I will not grant, but, no communication with the male sex. You must, therefore, discharge this Irish servant.

*Emi.* Discharge poor Patrick, my father's faithful attendant, whose anxious care of me, since his death, I can never repay ! No, Sir John, [weeping.] if I did so, I

should be wanting in affection for that parent, who on his death-bed made me promise I would never see him want.

*Sir J.* Young lady, I am fixed in my determination; if you will not discharge him, I must; and as for his wants, settle a weekly allowance upon him, and let him take up his quarters outside the garden-gates with the rest of my male establishment.

*Emi.* I know, sir, my fortune is at your disposal, if I marry without your consent, but I would rather sacrifice fortune and every other earthly comfort, than be guilty of that worst of human sins—ingratitude. [weeps.]

*Sir J.* Come, come, [cheerfully.] you think too seriously of this arrangement, go to your chamber and rest a little, I warrant me you'll be comfortable enough, and as to Patrick, I'll arrange with him.

*Maria.* [peeping in.] Will you, old curmudgeon? and if Patrick's arrangements do not prove too deep for you, why then I'll never have an Irishman for a husband, that's all.

*Sir J.* [rings bell, enter MARIA, L.—] Maria, you'll attend your mistress to her chamber, and then I have something to say to you.

*Mar.* Very well, Sir John. [Exit Sir John, R.—] You'll not find me quite so easy to manage as my young lady. Pray, Miss, be comforted, [taking her hand] we shall find some way to trick this old curmudgeon. There's young Mr. Ramble, my lady, whom we saw at Oxford; Patrick tells me he's coming to this part of the country, and, I warrant, Patrick will find him out, and tell him all about our confinement—and I have always heard those Oxford scholars are the very devil at cheating old guardians out of their wards.

*Emi.* Ah, Maria, I'm afraid he will never give me an opportunity of rewarding him in that way.

*Mar.* Don't fear that, Miss; lovers have more schemes than your old guardian thinks of, let him be as deep as he will.

*Emi.* Prepare my chamber, Maria, and send poor Patrick to me. I must summon courage to break this business to him myself;—why did I ever leave my native home?—shall I e'er taste again the pleasures I knew there? Alas! I fear not!—Oh, how sweet was the nightingale's song in moonlight, when heard with those I loved;—blissful remembrance!—Ah! that now is left me!

## SONG.—EMILY.

Oh ! 'tis sweet when the moon is gleaming,  
 To list to the nightingale's song,  
 When eyes that we love are beaming,  
 As we cheerily pass along ;  
 Such scenes of bliss inviting  
 Each lover's heart delighting,  
 The shady groves among.

Oh ! 'tis sweet when the world is sleeping,  
 To roam through the myrtle grove,  
 When the stars above are peeping,  
 Bright as the eyes we love !

Such scenes, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

**SCENE II.—***Exterior of Nettlewig House; an old-fashioned octagon Gothic window, practicable, overhanging the garden-wall,—entrance gates, practicable—shrubbery behind. On each side of the stage in front of wings, a range of cottage doors, practicable, the corner on the R.— a Public-house kept by Ben Backstay, sign of the “Admiral’s Head.” Board rising above the Baronet’s wall. Inscription—“No male visitors admitted.”*

**BACKSTAY** enters from public-house with a letter in his hand.

**Ben.** May I never taste grog again, if I don’t believe the old Baronet’s *upper-works* are damaged, in the lumber-room. Shiver my main-brace, here’s a pretty squall for the old *bum-boats* to weather. [*reads.*] “Let them have each a quart of your best ale per day, as much tobacco as they like, and one glass of grog every night.”—Damn’d short allowance that for the men, who have had a run of the purser’s stores. Why, surely the baronet doesn’t mean to run his crazy old hulk alongside that tight little frigate, and *lash her to*. Well, never mind, it’s an ill wind that blows nobody good. It will help to keep the Admiral’s Head afloat, however, though I’d almost rather be paid off and quit the service, than be taken up for a prison-ship—but where’s my Nance all this time ? [*calling.*] Nance, Nance ! I say. All hands a-hoy !—my timbers, how the old girl will *cock her signal-lights*, when she hears the ship’s company are under sailing-orders ! Nance, what hoa !

**Nance.** [*from the house.*] Why what a blubbering noise you’re making, Ben—like a great *sea-calf*, alarming all the village—What’s the matter ?

**Ben.** Only signals of distress firing from the great house, that’s all, Nance. Here’s all your old cronies bearing down in a fleet, heavily laden with grief and band-boxes.

*Nance.* [looking through the gates.] Why as I live it's true ; there's all the men-servants coming up the long walk, laden with luggage, and all the women following, crying as if they'd break their hearts ; why, what on earth can this mean, Ben ?

*Ben.* Mean ! why it means they are ordered on a cruize and are going to put in here to *wood* and *water*. Do you see after the keys of the new cottages, and let 'em have plenty of *harbour room*, and I'll take care of the *stores* and *rigging*, I warrant me.

[*Exeunt.*]

[The large gates in centre are thrown open, and the old men appear in sight, laden with boxes, bundles, &c. ; the women servants accompany them, and appear in deep grief. A noise of crying and wishing good-bye, kept up for a minute or two. OLD DEBORAH advances with the COACHMAN—the COOK has the OLD FOOTMAN round the neck, and so on with the rest—they advance to front of stage. These servants, particularly the men, should be very infirm, and grey-headed.

*Deb.* [crying.] Good-bye, Coachee, good-bye ; it's a cruel bad world, to separate old fellow-servants in this manner ; but, my word for it, Thomas, he shall repent of it, for we'll do all we can to make him miserable ; and when he has the gout, he shall ring till he pulls the bell down, before any one goes near him.

*Coachee.* You are a good soul, Mrs. Deborah, and if you could now and then just smuggle us a pitcher of the old October, to mix with Ben Backstay's best beer, why, we might chance to be able to drink your health and our old fellow-servants' with some little pleasure still.

*Deb.* You shall have it, boy ;—whenever the milk-can comes to the gate, I warrant me it shall not return empty. [*Sir John speaks without.*] But I hear Sir John coming ;—I'faith he's got a job to get rid of the Irishman ; they're making a pretty noise together. So come along, maids,—good-bye, good-bye,—heaven bless you all !

[This parting expression is of course general, and should be rendered as ludicrous as possible by the situation of the parties. As they retire to the right into the garden, and the men into the public-house. Sir John appears on the left thrusting out Finesse.

*Sir J.* Get out you impudent bog-trotter, and never let me see your ugly countenance upon my estate again.

*Fin.* Ugly!—did you say ugly?—You ould *beaf-eat-*

ing barrow-knight. Come outside your prison-gates, and by the powers of Poll Kelly, I'll serve you as they do praties at Ballynarig.

*Sir J.* I'm a magistrate, sirrah, and I'll have you committed for threatening me.

*Fin.* And I'm an Irishman, and if that's English law, the devil fly away with the pair of you.

[*Sir John in retiring, fastens the gate with a huge iron bar, which goes across the inside. Finesse drags his luggage to the door of the public-house, where the servants have entered, and sits himself down in deep thought.*]

*Fin. [solus.]* Was ever poor foreigner in a strange land so completely bothered? If I go back to Ballynarig the devil a soul have I there besides the ould general's ghost to comfort me. And if I stay here, the devil a ghost do I know at all at all. There's my poor dear Miss Emily *shut up*, and my soul's darling Maria *shut in*, and the delightful heart-stealing Mr. Patrick Finesse, that's my own dear self, *shut out*; by the powers I'll live to be revenged of that ould buffalo, if it's only for his calling me ugly—ugly indeed! By my faith but he was never knighted for his taste in beauty. Ugly, did he say?—did he ever see his own bilberry mug in the looking-glass? Sure he's ugly enough to frighten all the horses off the plains of the Curra. I have it, I'll *stay here and run away* with all the girls in the village, just to shew him what bad taste he has.

Enter BEN from house.

*Ben.* Well said, messmate. May I never see the Admiral's Head, if you an't heart of oak; damme but you gave the old one a *broadside*. I should have liked to have joined *consort*, and fired a shot or two into his hull myself, but you see I'm at anchorage here in *private roads*, on permission, and it wouldn't suit with this *jurymast* [*pointing to his wooden leg.*] to *cut and run* at a short notice;—but come, tumble into my cabin here, and may I never see my Nance again, if you shan't have a good *berth* as long as you like to stay.

*Fin.* Then, by the powers of Poll Kelly, I'll live with you for ever. [*they are going in, when Finesse stops Ben, and calls him back.*] Just a whisper in your ear, my jewel, before we proceed;—is this Sir John Judy Nettlewig considered a man of taste?

*Ben.* May I never get groggy if I know. What *tack* are you on?

*Fin.* Has he any taste for the sublime and beautiful? —does he keep any choice horses, pigs, poultry, or pictures?

*Ben.* May I never be lucky, if the *lubbers* here about don't think him an admiral in that way.

*Fin.* They do, do they? —then look at me—Mister *Ajonis* couldn't shew a better leg or a more elegant countenance,—and yet, would you believe it, that ould buffalo called me ugly. Me! Patrick Finesse, a model of Irish symmetry, to be called an ugly dog by an ould English buffalo!

*Ben.* He be d—d! Who made him a judge of beauty? —may I never taste flip but you look like the figure-head of the Ajax, seventy-four! —only you want a little more gilding.—But come, let us into my cabin and palaver this over a bit,—we'll soon try whether the old barrow-knight can stand a siege against the combined forces of England and Ireland by land and sea.

*Fin.* And sure it was St. Patrick himself, my own great-great-grandfather, that peopled all the land and the waters into the bargain.

#### SONG.—FINESSE.

Pat's the Latin for Adam, and Judy for Eve,  
Little Erin's the Garden of Eden, I b'lieve;  
Paddy Noah found his dove, when the flood sunk away,  
Safe at roost in the Pigeon-house—Dublin Bay.  
It's a choice spot, said Noah, while Mrs. No—rah,  
Man and beast in the boat, shouted Erin go bragh!

Then a whack for your antideluvian souls,  
Who were all of them drown'd like rats in their holes;  
To the devil the ancients away may be hurl'd,  
St. Patrick's the boy that re-peopled the world.

At Kilgobbin old Noah rear'd an edifice up,  
That all the young Noahs might on butter-milk sup;  
The spalpeens grew thick as young babes in a wood,  
Brave, handsome, and witty, and frisky, and good;  
Like the moderns, Noah lov'd a sly beauty or two,  
And from him sprang the big-hearted Bryan Boro.

Then a whack, &c.

St. George and St. Andrew from Bryan Boro,  
'Tis very well known, life and quality drew;  
The Saxons, and Normans, and French, were his cousins,  
Of sweethearts he'd thousands—of wives many dozens;

He lov'd fighting and drinking, and liv'd at Roscrea,  
 And his grog blossom'd mug drove all reptiles away.  
 Then a whack, &c.

Old Bryan, a liberal, kind-hearted soul,  
 Sent his children a long way beyond the North Pole;  
 "East, west, north, and south," said old Bryan, "proceed,  
 And people the world with the right sort of breed."  
 From this it is clear as an elephant's nose,  
 An Irishman's home is wherever he goes.

Then a whack, &c.

[*Exeunt into cottage.*

*Enter RAMBLE and TRANSIT, R.— with portmanteau, as from a journey.*

*Ram.* Let me see, [looking at his watch.] five hours coming sixty-five miles—pretty well, Tim, that for posting, at a shilling a mile. Well now, Tim, I'll introduce you at my uncle's.—Such a larder, Tim—old English fare—always plenty of good fat beef, and strong ale. Every body welcome—no grumbling,—an open gate and open heart.

*Tim.* I am seriously glad to find we are once more in the land of the living, sir, for you know our last month at Oxford brought us both into the penitentiary system—one good meal a week. My ribs have not been such near neighbours these many a year.

*Ram.* Well, adieu to duns and buttery slices,—we can recruit here, and cover our lean sides with fat; put down the portmanteau, Tim, and ring the bell.

*Tim.* [going up to the gate.] Eh! what the deuce is this? [espying the board.] "No male visitors admitted," I hope the present company are excepted. [*to Ramble.*] Have you seen this agreeable notification, sir?

*Ram.* [reads.] "No male visitors admitted,"—some whim of the old gentleman,—or perhaps a delicate hint to poachers. And yet all his maid-servants are rather past the run-away age;—he didn't use to be so fastidious—but never mind, it can't apply to us—ring away. Tim, we'll find admittance, I'll wager.

*Deb.* [appears at the gate.] Who is it rings so violently?

*Tim.* It's I, Timothy Transit, at your service.

*Deb.* Aye, you're on the right side, young man, both to ring and run away. You can't come in—so let me know your business through the grating.

*Tim.* I'm college-scout and servant to Frederick Ram-

ble, Esquire, of Brazenose, Oxford, and we've come here to spend our vacation—but I'll call my master. Sir, sir ! here's an old petticoat prattler says we can't come in.

*Ram.* Open the gate Deborah, directly,—what the devil does all this mean ? Come, open the gate.

*Deb.* Aye, Master Frederick, I wish I could, but it's double-barred and bolted, not a soul of your sex can gain admittance to comfort us. All the old men-servants are turned out, and all us poor unfortunate women are locked in.

*Ram.* The devil you are ;—and which of you, Deb, is it that have been naughty,—is it you, or the old cook, or the housemaid ?—is it a boy or a girl that has caused all this alteration and fortification ?

*Deb.* Aye, you're as waggish as ever, Master Fred ; but it certainly is a girl that has caused all this mortification.

*Tim.* You may depend upon it, sir, you're nose is out of joint ; the old boy has more game in his preserve than pheasants and partridges.

*Ram.* Psha !—nonsense. A girl, Deb ?—what sort of a girl, Deb ?

*Deb.* Oh, a blooming, beautiful young creature of eighteen !

*Ram.* What ! locked up here with my uncle ?

*Deb.* Yes, that she is, and much against her will too, and we are all locked up—and the men are all locked out—not so much as a male animal in the family, except your uncle.

*Ram.* Why, my uncle is not lord-chancellor, that he should shut up young ladies against their will, and shut out his rightful heir. Let me see, Deb, or by the Lord, I'll soon have these iron gates laid open.

*Deb.* I'll go and tell him you are here, Master Frederick, and be sure you don't spare him for his cruel conduct to his old servants. [Exit.]

*Tim.* I'm afraid, sir, we shall fall short of the old English fare, the good fat roast-beef and strong ale. An open gate and an open heart—ha, ha !

*Ram.* Darn it, sir—be quiet, will you ? this is no time for jesting—when the only good prospect I had in the world is barred before me !

*Tim.* Aye, sir, and I am debarred from my anticipatory prospect of a good meal.

SIR JOHN appears at the gate.

*Sir J.* What brings you here, Fred ?

*Ram.* My duty to you, sir; I've come to pass my vacation with you.

*Sir J.* Where's my letter, sir, and the hundred pounds I enclosed you, with a strict injunction not to appear in this part of the country?

*Ram.* I received no letter, sir. I left Oxford the day before yesterday. [aside to Tim.] Run to the post directly, Tim, and inquire for a returned letter—make sure of the hundred pounds, whatever you do. [Exit Tim.] But, my dear uncle, what have I done to incur your displeasure, and shut out of your house?

*Sir J.* Nothing, nothing, Fred; but I've undertaken a very serious charge—the care of my old friend Constant's daughter, under a particular injunction, which I will not give even you an opportunity of breaking through.

*Ram.* [aside.] Constant, Constant! Why, as I live, that must be the divine creature I saw at Oxford; she informed me she was travelling to meet her guardian in this part of the country.

*Sir J.* What the devil are you muttering about, sirrah? you may take lodgings in the village. In the evening I'll contrive to meet you outside the gates—here, take my purse, [drops it to him.] as you did not get the letter, and I dare say you have not above a brace of brass sixpences in your pockets.

*Ram.* But, my dear uncle, what will the world say to your shutting yourself up with a young woman?

*Sir J.* What they like. I never value what the world says, if I did I shouldn't value you; the world says you are a wild, extravagant fellow—now I only believe half of that. I know you are extravagant, and I am determined I won't be convinced of your wildness in my own house, so I've shut you out, Fred, and there I'll keep you till my ward is twenty-one, and then if you are a good boy, I don't know what I may do for you. [Exit.]

*Ram.* Thank you, uncle; [aside.] but I'll see if I can't do something for myself, and relieve your ward, too, before that time, nunky, or I'm not of Oxford, that's all.

*Sir J.* There now, don't stand muttering there, but get you gone till the evening and I'll meet you.

[he shuts the window.]

*Ram.* [solus.] Well, now for a lodging, and then to concert measures with my confederate Tim for an attack

on the breast-works of nunky's citadel. Here's the old sailor here, I'm sure of his assistance, and I'll recommission all the old servants, rank and file, and I'll raise half the country but I'll succeed in carrying off my uncle's ward. I'm in love, for the fifty-first time in my life, but more seriously than ever ; love, they say, always increases in proportion to the difficulties we have to encounter, so that mine's likely to be a very desperate case ; but if she receive me kindly I don't despair of forcing the garrison and out-works. [walks away.]

[During the latter part of this speech Maria has been listening from the small window above, and having recognized Ramble calls to him.]

*Maria.* Hist, hist ! sir, sir !

*Ram.* "Hist, hist!" [imitating the voice.] I certainly heard some voice. Fairy or sprite, some little winged messenger of Cupid, perhaps, to convey my fervent wishes to my fair—[looks up and perceives Maria.] As I live, my little divinity's maid, the same pretty rosy-faced girl that I saw attending her at Oxford—now, by all my hopes, she recognises me! [blows a kiss or two from his hand, Maria returns the acknowledgment, and drops a letter, which Ramble eagerly opens and reads.] 'Sir, you will remember a young lady with whom you danced and whom you professed an attachment to, at Oxford—she is cruelly confined in this old mansion-house by her guardian. If your intentions are honourable, and you are the man I take you for, you will do something to relieve us from this dreadful imprisonment.—(Signed,) Maria, waiting maid to Miss Emily Constant.'—Excellent creature!

[walking to and fro.]

*Enter Tim, L.— following Ramble.*

*Tim.* But, sir, you seem to have got a more valuable communication there than the one hundred pounds ?

*Ram.* Lend me a pencil, Tim, [Tim hands him one.] and hold your tongue ; kneel down, sir, and let me write upon the crown of your hat. [Tim kneels—Ramble writes.] There, that will do—now how the devil am I to convey it to Maria ?

*Tim.* [looking about.] See, sir, the lady's garter is travelling this way as fast as her legs would, I have no doubt, if it was not for the iron bars.

[Maria drops some ribbon from the window, and makes signs to Ramble, who annexes the letter to it ; she then pulls it up.]

*Tim.* That's the new *flying post*, sir, I suppose?

*Ram.* Yes, Tim, not on the silken wings, but on the silken strings of love. See, what elevated sentiments I have, Tim, [pointing to the letter.]—see how my wishes mount buoyant with attic thought.

*Tim.* [aside.] Aye, now he's in his heroics; we came here, sir, for rest, and peace of mind, you know.

*Ram.* Right, Tim, for all my hopes are centered there. [pointing to the window.]

*Tim.* Yes, sir, your uncle's estate is not to be sneezed at by a gentleman commoner.

*Ram.* His estate—give me his ward, Tim.

*Tim.* What, sir, is her estate better than his?

*Ram.* No, Tim, but her beauty is above all earthly treasure.

*Tim.* May be it may, sir; but, in my opinion, though beauty is a very pretty adjunct, it won't at all do as a principal!

*Ram.* You are an interested fellow, Tim. ‘Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most.’

*Tim.* May be it may, sir; but I have always thought the poet was hardly *decent* when he said so.

*Ram.* But why the deuce do I stand chattering here with one who never tasted of the sweets of love? Go, Tim, into yon public-house, and tell Ben Backstay that Frederick Ramble wishes to see him, and let him bring any of the old servants with him that may be in the house. By heavens! I'll neither eat, nor sleep, till I have won my love.

*Tim.* By which time, I hope, I may have lost my appetite. [Exit, R.

*Enter BEN, NANCE, and all the Men Servants from the public-house, overjoyed at the sight of Frederick, and tumbling over one another to get to him.*

*All.* Master Frederick! where is he?—let us see him.

*Ram.* Welcome, my boys! [advancing and taking them by the hand one after the other. Old Nance gets fast hold of his arm on one side, and Ben Backstay on the other.] What all my old friends turned out in the winter of their day!—well, never mind, my boys, we'll have a little sport for it, however.

*Nance.* Aye, Master Frederick, I said as how you'd see them righted. Never mind, old fellow-servants, said I, my Fred. will set you all upon your legs again; you know

I always takes the liberty of calling you my Fred., because I nursed and suckled you when you wasn't a week old.

*Ram.* Aye, Nance, and I'll protect you to the day of your death, and Old Ben here too, and all the *old-fashioned* moveables that my uncle has turned out of the family mansion. But come, my lads, you must all lend me your assistance to liberate this young lady, and be secret as death and brave as lions!

*All.* Ay, that we will, that we will, Master Frederick!

[they form a high circle round him.]

*Ram.* Well, then, listen. First I mean to enrol you into a corps of *sappers* and *miners*, and command you myself, my man Tim, here, shall be first-lieutenant, and old Ben shall head the veterans.

*Pat.* Would your honour plase to appoint me commissary-general. I'faith you shall not want for a supply of the real Roscrea, to keep up your spirits.

*Ben.* May I never touch prize-money again, but your honour's putting things into fighting trim; but you don't mean to skuttle the old admiral, do you?—not blow him quite out of the water?

*Ram.* No—no, Ben, not quite so bad as that, only fire a few shots over his *bows* to *bring him to*, then run alongside, take out a little of his *live stock*, part company for a short time, and having *spliced* the life-rope, make a *tack*, *sheer* round him, bring to, and sail in company all the rest of the voyage.

*Ben.* Why, Master Fred., one would think as how you'd been a reefer or master's mate—you handle the *chatlines* so well.

*Ram.* Why, so I have, Ben. I'm first-lieutenant of the Venus, as tight a little boat as ever cut the silvery streams of Isis; you must know, Ben, that I'm desperately in love with the little *incognita* at my uncle's—ay, and she's in love with me, Ben. But let us retire into the citadel here, and hold a council of war, over a bowl of the best rum-punch.

### FINAL E, [to the First Act.]

AIR.—“*The Young May Moon.*”

*Ram.* When yonder moon shall rise, my boys,  
We'll leap the wall without a noise;  
My fair one, free  
From misery,  
And join our hands in wedlock's joys.

*Chorus.* When all the world are fast asleep,  
Then round your uncle's house we'll creep,

Locks, bolts, and bars,  
By the light of the stars !  
Your fair shall ne'er in prison keep.

*Ram.* Then come, let's in and drink, my boys,  
The blushing morn shall wink on joys,  
My love and I  
Away will fly,  
Before there's time to think, my boys.

*Chorus.* Then all the village bells shall ring,  
And old and young shall dance and sing,  
And every soul  
Enjoy his bowl,  
And be as happy as a king.

[they all retire into Backstay's cottage.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the house of Sir John.—Emily discovered at her harp.*

*Emily.* How dreary the time passes in this horrible old mansion ! If it were not for my harp, the recollection of past pleasures and hopes of future ones, I should go distracted.

### SONG.—EMILY.

Oh, the days of youth are fair and dear  
As the balmy wreath of morning,  
When ruddy light salutes the sphere,  
Her sapphire clouds adorning.  
As when the magic hand of May  
Her Flora's face discloses ;  
And fairy minstrels thrill the lay  
Beneath the opening roses.

Then hope will dance, and love will glance,  
Through every bounding bosom ;  
The glowing hours are rob'd in flowers,  
For life itself's in blossom.

Oh, the days of youth are fair and dear  
As summer streamlet flowing,  
As the moon-beam shining soft and clear  
When the maidens cheek is glowing ;  
As the gentle sigh and timorous smile  
Which dwells in beauty's dimple,  
When open hearts, devoid of guile,  
Are tender, gay, and simple.

Then hope will dance, &c.

### MARIA enters.

*Maria.* Never was any thing so lucky, Miss, to be

sure ; I've seen your Oxford beau, Miss Emily, and he has seen me : though it was at very respectful distance, I assure you, but I contrived to drop him a note and obtain an answer.

*Emily.* My dear Maria, you are certainly the best creature in the world ! [with great impatience.] where is it ?—what does he say ?—is he knight-errant enough to attempt my liberation ? Come, give it me, give it me.

*Maria.* [feeling in her pocket and bosom.] Gracious heaven ! I surely can't have lost it. That old buffalo, as Patrick calls him, was just behind me : if he should have picked it up, we're ruined, Miss.

*Emily.* You've not been so careless surely, Maria,—go, look on the stairs, search every where.

SIR JOHN enters, R.— with a note in his hand.

*Sir J.* You may save yourself the trouble, Mistress Maria. If my house is to be turned into a post-office, it's quite right that I should fill the situation of inspector-general. A very pretty plot indeed, I've discovered here ; and that rascal of a nephew of mine to be the chief actor and promoter of it : I'll disinherit him—I'll disown him. My own flesh and blood, as it were, to rise in open war against me ! and you, Miss, [to *Emily*.] with your sentimental sighs and sufferings—you to encourage such unnatural rebellion !

*Emily.* [spirited.] I don't know what you mean by unnatural rebellion, sir !—I have never seen your *cub* of a nephew to my knowledge.

*Sir J.* [passionately.] Cub, cub, Miss ! Egad he's as fine a fellow as ever the sun shone on, and any woman might fall in love with him. Cub, indeed !

*Emily.* Yes, sir, *cub*. It's a phrase we have in Ireland for the relations of a bear, and I am sure the nomenclature must belong to all your kindred.

*Sir J.* Aye, that's very well, very smart indeed, Miss Emily, but it won't do ; these little sallies of Hibernian wit, won't reason me out of my old English common-sense. Is not your name *Emily Constant* ; and is not his name *Frederick Ramble* ? and is not this very affectionate note written by him to you ?

*Emily.* [surprised.] Sir, I have never seen any note.

*Sir J.* No, I don't believe you have seen this, but Maria can recollect the contents, I dare say. It was only sealed with a kiss, and your waiting-maids generally take care to have the *first impression*.

*Maria.* Sir John, your impressions are very wrong.

*Sir J.* Then it was no fault of yours, I'll be sworn ; you don't pull up letters with your garters, and write *billetdoux*s for your mistress. Oh, no ! but you shall turn out ; you are so fond of male society, that I'll send you to keep them company ; so prepare—pack up, Miss Maria, for out you go.

*Maria.* [wheedling.] But you won't be so cruel, Sir John, as to send me away, and break Miss Emily's heart, will you ?

*Sir J.* No ! upon consideration I don't think I shall. I may as well have a rogue I do know, as one I don't ; so if you'll both consent to keep to the back part of the mansion, and never be seen at the front-window again, I'll overlook this offence. Come, there's good girls, go into the back drawing-room.

*Maria.* Come, Miss Emily, let us consent ; [aside.] we shall find some way to cheat the old fellow, I warrant me.

*Emily.* Shew us to our prison, Sir John.

[they are entering door in flat.]

*Sir J.* And, Maria, when you receive another note by the flying post, take care it is not picked up near the end of its journey by the male guard.

[*Exeunt Emily and Maria, D. F.*

*Sir J.* [locks the door.] There, young ladies, I think I have you safe now, however. I wonder there has been no application after my advertisement in the County Herald, for a cook.

DEBORAH enters, R.— *leading in TIM TRANSIT, dressed as an old woman.*

*Deb.* Come, come in, good woman. Sir John, this good woman has applied for the cook's situation ; she has lived ten years, she says, in her last place, and can get up a dinner either in the French or English style, and she has brought a written character with her, from her former master, the Rev. Thomas Tunbelly, of Oxford, one of the heads of the college. [*Tim curtsies to Sir John.*

*Sir J.* Aye, your heads of colleges are generally men of profound stomachs, better at *munching* than mathematics. But give me a basin of good fat turtle, and a mellow haunch of venison, before all the Parisian messes in the world. Well, Cook, so you can fry, frizzle and roast in the true English style, can you ?

*Tim.* Yea, an please your honour, [*curtseying.*] I was

always considered an excellent hand at a good plain joint, such as stuffing a *goose*, and then for trussing a couple of chickens, only give me an opportunity of shewing my skill, and you'll admire my method very much ;—[aside.] Where the deuce is Miss Emily ? Or for *force-meat-balls*, I hope to prove my merit, in that way, to your entire satisfaction—then for puddings, your honour, my mode of cooking a toad in a hole, a Yorkshire cake, or making a bolster pudding, was never excelled.

*Sir J.* Well, well, if Deb there approves of you I shall be satisfied. You're sure you're single and have no followers, and don't drink, and are very prudent ?

*Tim.* Should I have lived ten years in college, your honour, with a bachelor of arts, if I had not been a prudent, respectable person ?

*Deb.* But, Sir John, where is Cooky to sleep ? You know you gave all the servants' beds to the men, to furnish the cottages, and we have not a spare one left.

*Sir J.* Let her sleep with you, Deb., or with the housemaid for a night or two, 'till I can write to the upholsterer to send down a new bed.

*Tim.* [aside.] How the devil shall I escape the old woman ?

*Deb.* Well, if it's only for a night or two, I don't mind, Sir John. You're very quiet, Cook, I hope ?

*Tim.* Oh ! yes, slumber like a top, only I'm subject to one little infirmity. I sometimes walk in my sleep.

*Deb.* What, run about in your—Oh, my stars ! I should be frightened to death !

*Tim.* Oh, I never make a noise, or do any harm. [aside.] A blessed situation I'm in.

*Sir J.* No, to be sure, she'll do you no harm, Deb, and she's a good-looking, jolly woman, and I'll be bound will make a good bedfellow and keep you warm, Deb. There, go along, Cooky, and take possession of your kitchen, and settle the amount of wages with Deb.—[*Exeunt Deb and Tim, R.*—] Well, now for my hat and stick ; it's about the time I promised to meet my runagate nephew. I must get rid of that fellow, or by the Lord he'll have the girl in spite of all my caution. [*Exit, L.*]

**SCENE II.—***Interior of Ben Backstay's. A country public-house—long table, chairs, glasses, punch-bowl, &c. The old servants seated round, RAMBLE at the head, and BEN at the bottom. OLD NANCY busy in the bar, making punch.*

*Ram.* Bring another bowl, Nancy. Fill all your

glasses, mind—bumpers, my boys, no flinching, I'll give you "Success to lovers' stratagems." [they all drink, and reiterate the toast.] I wonder how nunky likes his new cook—egad, I hope Tim's *first dish* won't turn out a *hodge-podge*.

*Ben.* May I never be jolly, if I don't think your honour will carry the frigate without firing a shot. Tim's certainly entered upon the *ship's books*, by the time he's been absent.

*Ram* At twelve o'clock, my boys, we're under sailing orders ; that is, if Tim can find a port-hole to escape from. Now another bumper, boys, to the girl of my heart—"Here's Miss Emily Constant"—[they drink the toast.] and then to reconnoitre the enemy's outworks. Patrick, you, myself, and Ben, will station ourselves front of the mansion-house, to watch for Tim's appearance, and to act according to circumstances. Coachman and gardener, you will prepare my fire apparatus, which, if Tim fails, I mean to put into trial immediately ; and you, James, [to footman.] take the grooms with you, and carry my letter to Sable, the undertaker—tell him to send a coffin and shroud, [they all appear alarmed.] fit for a gentleman commoner of Brazen-nose.

*Pat.* A coffin and shroud ! by the powers of Poll Kelly, but his honour means to bury all animosities.

*Nancy.* [advancing from the bar.] Mr. Ramble, for heaven's sake, what do you want with a coffin and shroud ?

*Ben.* Ay ! why your honour's not going to embark in the resurrection line ?

*Ram.* Don't be alarmed, Nancy. It's only a part of a lover's stratagem to get possession of my uncle's ward. Come, Ben, to kill time give us a song, and then, lads, to your posts.

#### SONG.—BEN.

A man's like a ship on the ocean of life,  
The sport both of fair and foul weather ;  
Where storms of misfortune, and quicksands of strife,  
And clouds of adversity gather.  
If he steers by the compass of honour he'll find,  
No matter what latitudes meet him,  
A welcome in every fresh port to his mind,  
And a friend ever ready to greet him.  
  
If love takes the helm in an amorous gale,  
Of the rocks of deception beware ;  
Keep your upper works tight, and let reason prevail,  
And you're sure thus to conquer the fair.

For the bay of deceit keep a steady look out,  
 Steer clear o' the shoals of distress;  
 Yet ever be ready to tow a friend out  
 When the black waves of misery press.

Like a vessel drest out in all colours, d'ye see,  
 Are the virtues and vices of life;  
 Blue and red are the symbols of friendship and glee,  
 White and black of ill-humour and strife.  
 True worth, like true honour, is born of no clime,  
 But known by true courage and feeling;  
 Where power and pity in unison chime,  
 And the heart is above double-dealing.

[the second stanza of the first verse is repeated as a chorus.

[Exeunt.

**SCENE III.—A long gallery in Nettlewig's house—several doors opening into bed-rooms—in centre is the Baronet's—Miss Constant's is on the left, and old Deb's on the right.**

**TIM** enters in his own clothes, stealing cautiously along, with a light from Miss Constant's chamber.

**Tim.** There, I've deposited my master's letter on the young lady's dressing-table, where she must be sure to see it. I've provided old Deborah a pretty bed-fellow, a barber's block; and now to reconnoitre the garrison. [looks about and peeps into several rooms, stops at the centre door.] Aye, this must be the baronet's chamber—hey, what do I see a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols with the word "loaded" in large letters over them? It may be as well to draw the front teeth of the baronet's bulldogs to prevent their doing mischief. [enters and returns with the flints.] I've taken out the flints to prevent accidents. A very hopeful risk I'm running for a rattlebrain master; I have secured an escape by the back door, by drawing the staple, so that when they lock it they'll not find out the trick. How the deuce I shall manage the old woman, I know not, but I'll attempt nothing till the baronet's safe at roost, [voices heard.] and here he comes.

[retires.

**SIR JOHN** enters, R.—in his night-gown, and attended by old DEBORAH, with rushlights and a large bunch of keys. The women servants follow and are locked into their respective rooms by Deborah, who gives the keys to Sir John.

**Sir J.** There now, they're all safe; Deb you are sure of that?—Where's my ward and Maria?

Enter Miss CONSTANT and MARIA, L.

*Emily.* We are here, Sir John, [Tim peeps from the chamber.] ready for our prison.

*Maria.* Aye, Miss, to be locked up in a dungeon, where, if the house should take fire, we may be burnt to death without a chance of escaping.

*Sir J.* Deb, go you and lock the long-gallery door, and then Miss Constant's fears on that point will be obviated. [Deborah goes and returns with the key.] There, good-night. [Exeunt Emily and Maria.] I shall never tame that mad Irish girl, I believe, Deb; but where's the cook?—I didn't see her pass.

*Deb.* She was very tired, Sir John, and went to bed some time since.

*Sir J.* Well, now it's all safe. Go you to bed, Deb, and be sure to lock your chamber-door, for I shouldn't like to have a visit from the cook. And, Deb, keep a watchful eye on my ward, for I strongly suspect she's contriving some plot with that mad-cap of a nephew of mine. If that fellow does not quit this part of the country to-morrow, I'll make a fresh will and cut him off with a shilling.

*Deb.* For following your example, Sir John? Master Fred is a fine spirited lad, and it runs in the family to be fond of a pretty girl. You run away with your late wife, Sir John, and Master Fred's father run away with his mother, and I dare say whenever he gets a wife, he'll make a run-away match of it.

*Sir J.* Let him, Deb, let him—he may run away with any heiress he pleases, and I'll reward him for it—only not with my ward.

*Deb.* Well, Sir John, I shall not assist him—but if he should succeed I should not be very sorry to hear of it.

*Sir J.* No, I dare be sworn you would not. You have a liquorish tooth in your head yet, Deb, but I'll take care of you all. Ten women to one man is fearful odds; but then I have you all under lock and key, Deb. So good-night—good-night, Deb.

[Sir John retires and closes his chamber-door. Deborah goes to her room.

*Tim.* [comes forward.] I have left my disguise in poor Deborah's room, and to prevent accidents and secure our escape, I have drawn the charges from the baronet's blunderbuss and pistols, and taken care to leave the door

leading to the garden-gate open. Now to ascertain Miss Constant's intentions. [taps gently at the door ;—*Maria peeps out.*] It's only me, don't be alarmed—I'm Tim Transit, Mr. Ramble's man—the female cook, engaged here to-day,—will your young lady and you run away with me and my master ? “ Brevity is the soul of wit,” and upon my soul there is no time for ceremony.

*Maria.* Aye, aye, Master Tim, but if we should consent there must be a *long ceremony* performed immediately.

*Tim.* Only let us get out of this house and we'll be as *ceremonious* as you please. My master is waiting on the other side of the garden-wall with a rope-ladder and a post-chaise, and I am waiting here your humble servant to command.

*Maria.* But how are we to get out ?—every door is double locked, barred, and bolted.

*Tim.* Except one, and that I have taken care of—the door leading to the garden is open, there's no time to lose; tell your mistress that my master, Frederick Ramble, is dying for love of her, and just translate this whisper [*kisses her.*] into the same sentiments from Tim Transit for yourself. The old woman will soon be asleep, and then I'll steal out, tap at your chamber-door, and with my dark lantern conduct you safe out of the reach of the old baronet.

*Maria.* If we are discovered, we shall all be shot, for the old fellow has a loaded blunderbuss and pistols in his bed-room.

*Tim.* I know it, and I took care to draw the charge and to take out the flints,—but I hear old Deborah coming. So haste, put all your wardrobe into a small bundle, and trust to love and good-luck for the recovery of the remainder [*going to wing.*] I hope my Irish ally has not fallen asleep. [*calling off.*] Hist, Patrick, hist!

*Fin.* I'st me you mane ? [just appearing from wing.]

*Tim.* Have you secured the turnips ?

*Fin.* Sure I have too, and a couple of fine animals they are, as big and as hollow as the head of a banshee.

*Tim.* Don't forget the candle and the red cloth, Pat.

*Fin.* Sure and I won't ; and shan't we have the wing of a wood-bird, and that's a sheep's shoulder, after, to relish the turnips with ?

*Tim* Aye—aye—hist !—Now to your hiding-place.

[*Exit Patrick.*]

*Maria.* We shall soon be ready, only pray be cautious, for a discovery would only make the old curmudgeon ten times more rigid.

[Tim retires into Deb's room. A noise is heard in Deb.'s room.

*Deb.* [rushes out.] Murder ! fire ! thieves ! Sir John ! I'm ruined ! I'm murdered ! [Exit Tim, R.]

SIR JOHN enters with blunderbuss.

*Sir J.* Villains, scoundrels, where are you ? I'll blow every one of your brains out !

[*Deborah faints in his arms as if by accident, he stands trembling with fear, & still presenting the blunderbuss. Maria and Emily approach, the servant break open the doors, and rush out in their night-clothes, crying, "Fire ! murder!"*

*Maria.* For heaven's sake what is the matter, Sir John ?

*Sir J.* Stand off, villain ! or I'll blow your brains out.

*Emily.* [approaching behind him cautiously, with Maria.] There's no one here, Sir John, but ourselves ;—[aside to Maria.] are you sure he's escaped ?

*Maria.* Certainly, Miss. The old lady must be in a dream, Sir John.

*Sir J.* [recovering a little.] Bless my heart, it's very alarming ! Old Deborah is certainly dead—bring a little water—are you sure, Maria, there's no one but ourselves in the house ?

*Maria.* I saw nobody, Sir John.

[*The females support Deborah, who, after a moment or two, revives, and looks wildly about her.*

*Sir J.* What was all this alarm, Deb, eh ?

*Deb.* Oh ! Sir John, the most dreadful sight in the world ; there's a strange body in my bed.

*Sir J.* Psha ! nonsense, Deb, it must be a dream.

*Deb.* No, indeed it was no dream—I saw his—two legs sticking out from under my bed—and when I tried to wake the new Cook, I found I was sleeping with a strange body.

*Sir J.* Psha ! impossible !—Where is the Cook ? [goes towards the door with his blunderbuss presented, and calls the Cook two or three times.] Cooky, Cooky, Cooky !—she does not answer ; that's very strange. Maria, will you take one of my pistols, and go in with me ?

*Maria.* I don't mind, if you'll go first, Sir John.

*Sir J.* There's a good girl, but don't fire, or you'll shoot me perhaps.

[*Gives her the pistols, and goes cautiously into Deborah's*

*room followed by Maria—they return instantly, with effigy dressed up by Tim.*

*Sir J.* [throwing down the effigy, in Cook's dress.] There's all that remains of the Cook, the snake has cast his skin, and I'm a baronet; this is all a trick of your's, Deb.

*Deb.* Oh, Sir John, for shame, to question the purity of my conduct.

*Sir J.* Well said, old purity, but you're an old fornicator, Deb, and this was a trick of your's to escape detection—here's a letter to my nephew, written by you, which explains the whole mystery—you'll assist him, will you, to run away with my ward? You're all of you in a state of open rebellion against my authority; for shame of you, Deborah, an old woman like you, to secret a young fellow in your room.

*Deb.* Sir John, you're a base man, and a wicked man, and a vile man, to say any such thing; I'm as innocent as a new-born babe, and as pure as the crystal stream, Sir John.

*Sir J.* Oh, damn all purity, get all of you to your chambers, and I'll keep watch here for the rest of the night myself. [*The females retire to their apartments, Maria and Emily laughing; Sir John is left pacing to and fro in the gallery, with his blunderbuss in his hand.*] A pretty situation this, for an English Baronet of the old school—obliged to turn watchman in his own house, and keep guard over a mutiny of ten women. Well, I may as well rest my bones. [*brings out a chair from his own apartment, and sits down in front of the stage, placing the light in front of him.*] This was certainly one of my hopeful nephew's schemes,—that dog will be the death of me if he stays in the neighbourhood.

[*During this speech, Tim and Finesse enter, R.—with large turnips on poles, with white sheets; the turnips are cut to resemble faces, and have a light inside, and white night-caps—Tim. & Fin. creep behind Sir John unperceived, and then place themselves on each side of him.*]

*Sir J.* I'll disinherit him to-morrow morning.

*Tim.* [advancing, and looking Sir John in the face.] No, you won't.

*Fin.* [from the other side in a hollow voice.] No you won't.

*Sir J.* [trembling with fear.] Who the devil are you?

### DUET.—TIM and FINESSE.

#### TUNE.—“Giles Scroggins.”

*Tim.* I am General Constant's ghost,—Tol, lol,

*Fin.* And I'm his orderly man, sir,—Fol, lol,

*Tim.* And you'll be dead as any post,

*Fin.* If you don't amend your plan, sir.

*Tim.* See that your ward and nephew wed,

*Fin.* Or death, ere this night's veil is furl'd,

*Tim.* Politely tells you to your head,

*Fin.* You're book'd inside for t'other world.

[They alternately during the duet, at each line, pull Sir John round towards them; near the close he recovers his confidence, and having lifted the sheet and discovered Tim's boots underneath, he is preparing to knock him down with the butt-end of the blunderbuss, when Tim slips aside and they escape, Sir John running after them as far as the door.

*Sir J.* A pair of scoundrels to think to frighten an old soldier with hob-goblins! Why old Deb must have left the gallery-door unlocked on purpose to give these fellows entrance. [a very loud ringing at the bell.] What the devil can this mean? some new scheme, I suppose,—well I am prepared for them. [ringing again.] Egad, there may be something the matter though. One of the rascals broke his neck perhaps, in climbing the garden-wall. [ringing again more violently.] I'll turn all the keys and lock the women in, and then I'll see who it is.

[Locks all the doors,—exits and returns with keys, meeting *TIM* and *Undertaker*, in deep mourning.

*Tim.* Oh, sir, he's gone!

*Sir J.* Who's gone—my ward?

*Tim.* No, sir! My master, the poor young gentleman to—it's too true, I assure you. [weeps.] The poor young gentleman took your unkind letter so much to heart, that he went to the village, brought a pair of pistols, and blew his brains out; he's not been dead above two hours.

*Sir J.* [deeply affected.] What an unhappy old man I am!—poor dear boy! [as if recollecting.]—You're not playing me any trick, you rascal?

*Tim.* Trick, Sir John! Why, they're bringing the corpse here, in a parish-shell, by torchlight, and this gentleman is the undertaker, come to take your orders for the funeral, and all the village, your old servants, and every body is attending it, and are crying as if their hearts would break. I shall never see such another kind master, I'm sure. [Tim weeps.] He's a beautiful corpse, Sir John.

*Sir J.* Oh, it must be true! I'm a miserable man! [sinks into a chair in despondency.] Here, take the keys, and unlock all the doors and let the women out, and tell

old Deb. to have the body placed in the long-gallery, and I'll go into my room and give further instructions to the undertaker.—What an unhappy old man I am !

[*Exeunt Sir John and Undertaker.*]

*Tim.* [locking the door after him.] Ha! ha! ha! safe at last, old gentleman. Now to release the ladies. [*unlocks Emily's chamber door, Maria and Emily come forth.*] Come along, ladies, I am Cupid's messenger, duly authorised to release all suffering damsels above-stairs, that you may be fast bound below.

*Maria.* You're a clever fellow, Tim—but how did you manage this ?

*Tim.* Oh! don't stop to inquire now, but run down stairs as fast as you can, where my master and the parson are waiting to receive you.

*Emily.* But what have you done with my guardian, Tim ?

*Tim.* [pointing to the chamber.] Boxed him up quite safe with an undertaker. As soon as you are married to my master, I'll give him the benefit of resurrection—but come, ladies, you must lose no time, [*Emily and Maria going.*] you'll find him waiting below in a black wooden surtout, not very appropriate for a wedding-dress to be sure, but such as many a wedded lady would be most happy to see their spouses wear. [*Exeunt Emily and Maria—calls Maria back.*] Maria, when little orthodox has done my master's business, tell him he may as well earn half-a-crown of you and me—it will be “ killing two birds with one stone,” you know.

*Maria.* Ay, but then what will become of poor Patrick ?

*Tim.* What, that Irish monster !—oh, I'll make him a present of my master's left off wooden surtout, and put him to bed with a spade.

*Maria.* [aside.] I rather think I shall find a better way of putting him to rest—but good-bye, Tim, Miss Emily will be impatient, and whatever you do, take care of the old one ! [pointing to Sir John's chamber.—*Exit.*]

*Tim.* Now to set all the women at liberty. [*unlocks doors.*] Come forth, you persecuted fair ones !

**DEBORAH and the others enter in alarm.**

*Deb.* Where is Sir John ?—You havn't committed murder, I hope ?

*Tim.* Oh, no ! only shut him up—he's safe with the undertaker there.

*Sir J.* [within.] Open the door, open the door, you scoundrel!—I'll have you transported for this.

*Tim.* [through the key-hole.] I'm very much obliged to you, sir, but I am *transported* already, and my master is transported too by this time, I've no doubt, and so is Miss Emily, and so will you be when I unlock the door and bring the new-married couple before you.

*Enter RAMBLE, EMILY, MARIA, all the old men-servants &c. L.*

*Ram.* Unlock my uncle's door, Tim.

[*Tim unlocks door, and is knocked down by Sir John.*

*Sir J.* I'll prosecute every one of you. I'll hang you! [*to Tim.*] And as for you, sir, [*to Ramble.*] I'll—I'll—

*Ram.* [affectionately, and presenting Emily.] Give me a wedding-dinner, uncle, and confess I've done my duty and relieved you from a great deal of trouble by taking all the weight upon myself.

*Fin.* Just put your fist to the contract, ould Judy, and I'll forgive you for calling me ugly.

*Ben.* May I never see your honour a grand uncle, if it's any use for you to hang out the *black flag* when all the fleet are bearing up to salute you.

*Emily.* Sir John, if I have made a very undutiful ward, I shall try to make amends by becoming a very dutiful niece.

*Sir J.* [taking their hands.] There, take her, take her, you dog, for she's an angel, I'm sure—since she can bring the dead to life.

[*Tim and Patrick pulling at Maria,—they advance.*

*Maria.* Will you be kind enough to give me away, Sir John? for I'm not allowed to give away myself.

*Fin.* She's my property, your honour, by word of mouth, these ten years.

*Tim.* And she's mine, your honour, by word of mouth within these ten minutes.

*Sir J.* Maria, which do you declare for?

*Maria.* Why, [looking first on one and then on the other.] I believe I must declare for St. Patrick.

*Fin.* By the powers of Poll Kelly.—Ah, ah! am I an ugly dog now, ould Judy? Never mind, Tim, if I should die first, I'll leave you Maria as a legacy.

*Tim.* Yes, an Irish legacy—with half a dozen two-legged incumbrances, I suppose.

*Sir J.* Come, come, let us all be good friends. [*to men-*

*servants.]* You shall all be re-instated in your places. [to *Emily and Ramble.*] And as for you, why your crime carries its punishment along with it. May you remain fast bound in your present fetters for the rest of your life!

### F I N A L E.—O M N E S.

#### EMILY.

Ye generous friends who grace our dome,  
With smiles and plaudits greeting,  
Ye single souls who this way roam,  
Remember time is fleeting.

[repeated in chorus.]

#### EMILY and MARIA.

Ye simple maids, I pray beware  
How you attempt to tarry;  
Take my advice, ye single fair,  
And ne'er say nay—to marry.

#### RAMBLE.

And, bachelors, a word with you,  
Pray don't cast down your eyes, sirs,  
When love and honour bids pursue,  
Be bold, and win the prize, sirs.

#### SIR JOHN.

And, guardians, uncles, fathers, list!  
When some old will perplexes,  
From lockings up and out desist,  
You'll ne'er improve the sexes.

#### BEN, [to *Gallery.*.]

In the main-top—what cheer, my boys  
When love directs the cruise,  
What god above but owns its joys,  
And who'd his aid refuse?

#### FINESSE.

By Erin's saint, who made ye all,  
And lov'd the darling creatures,  
Tall, plump, or thin, brown, fair, or small,  
Let smiles adorn your features.

#### CHORUS.

Then many a night, as time shall wing,  
The moments gay and fleeting,  
Young men and maids shall fairly sing  
To the echo of our greeting